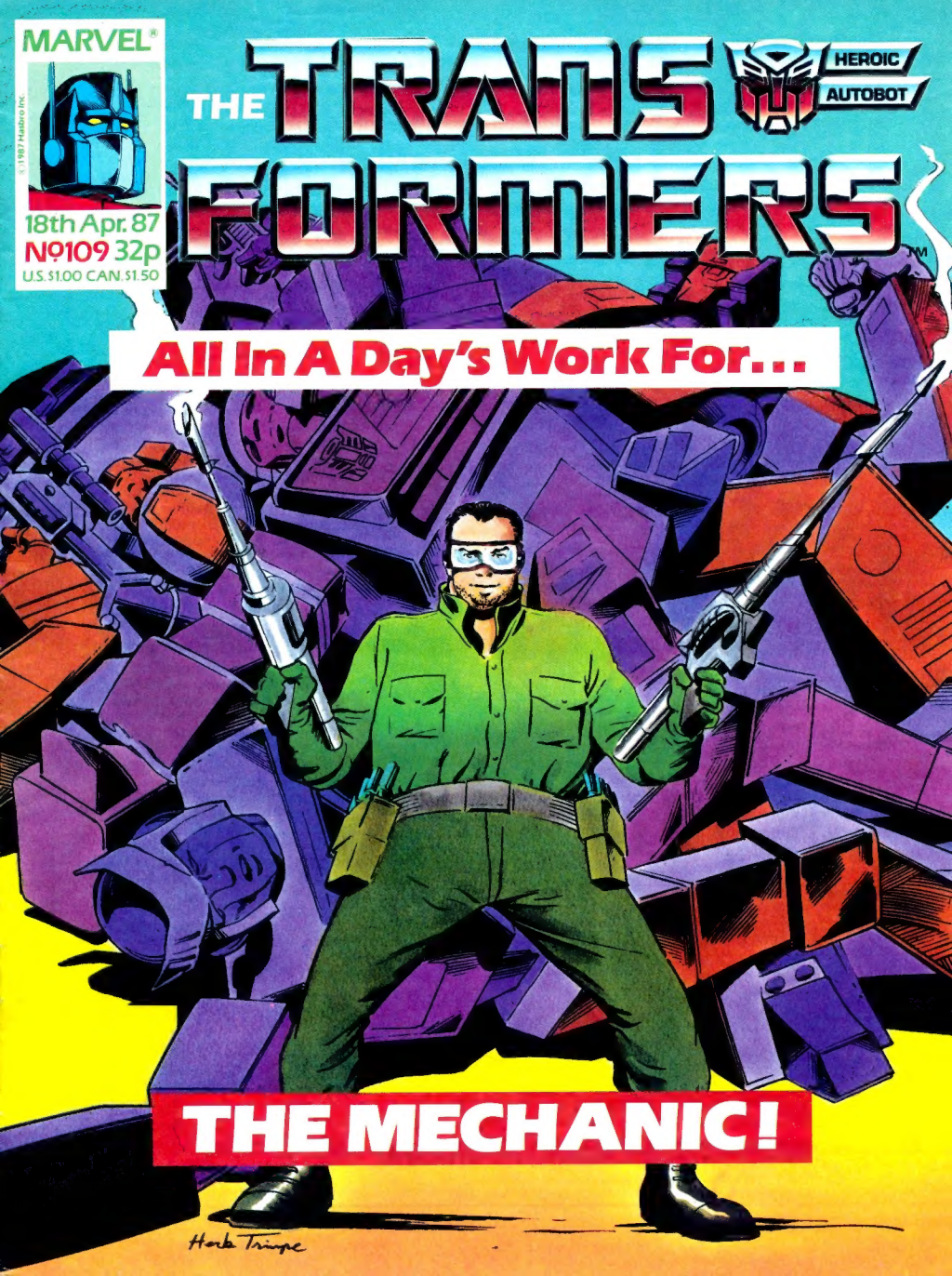
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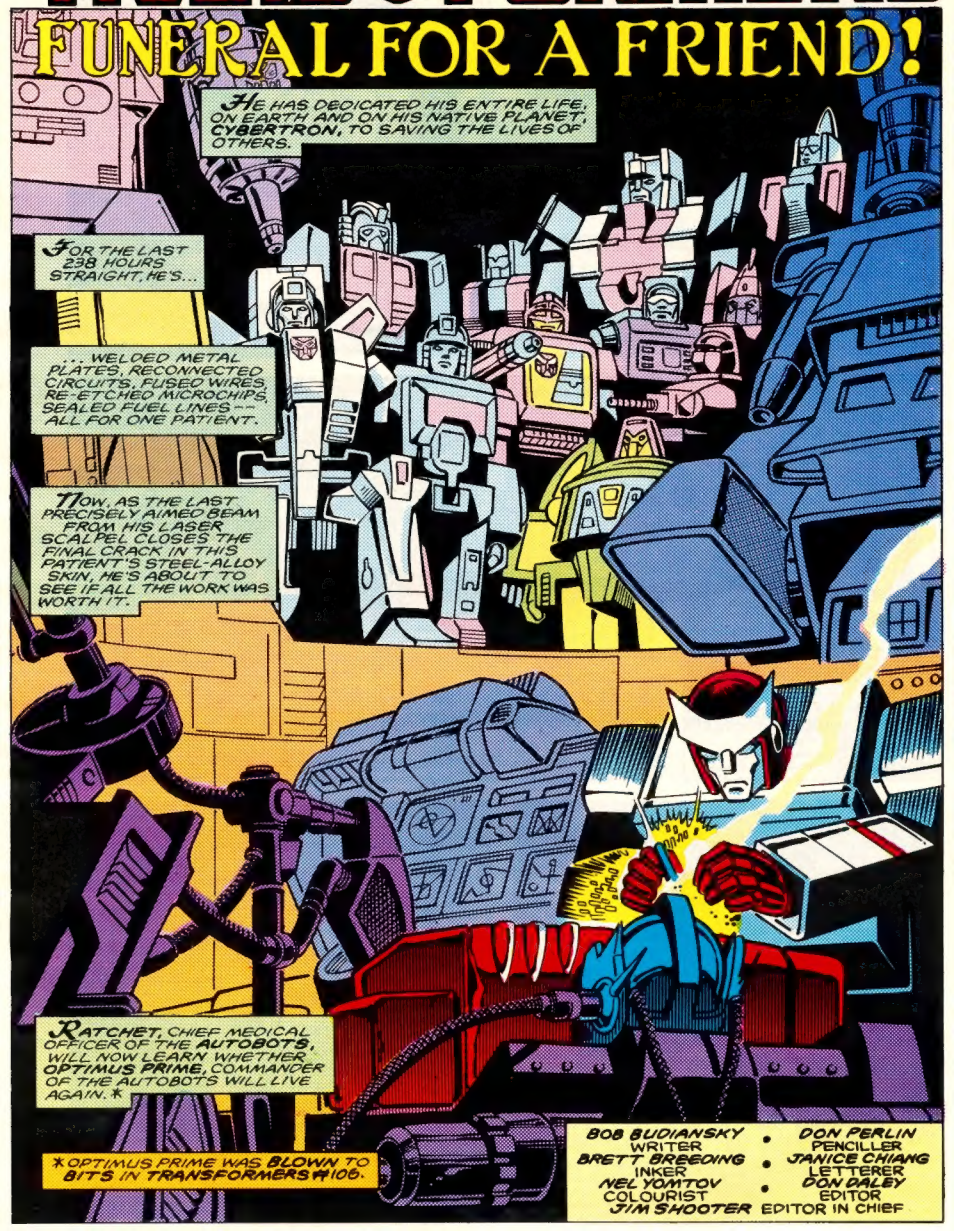
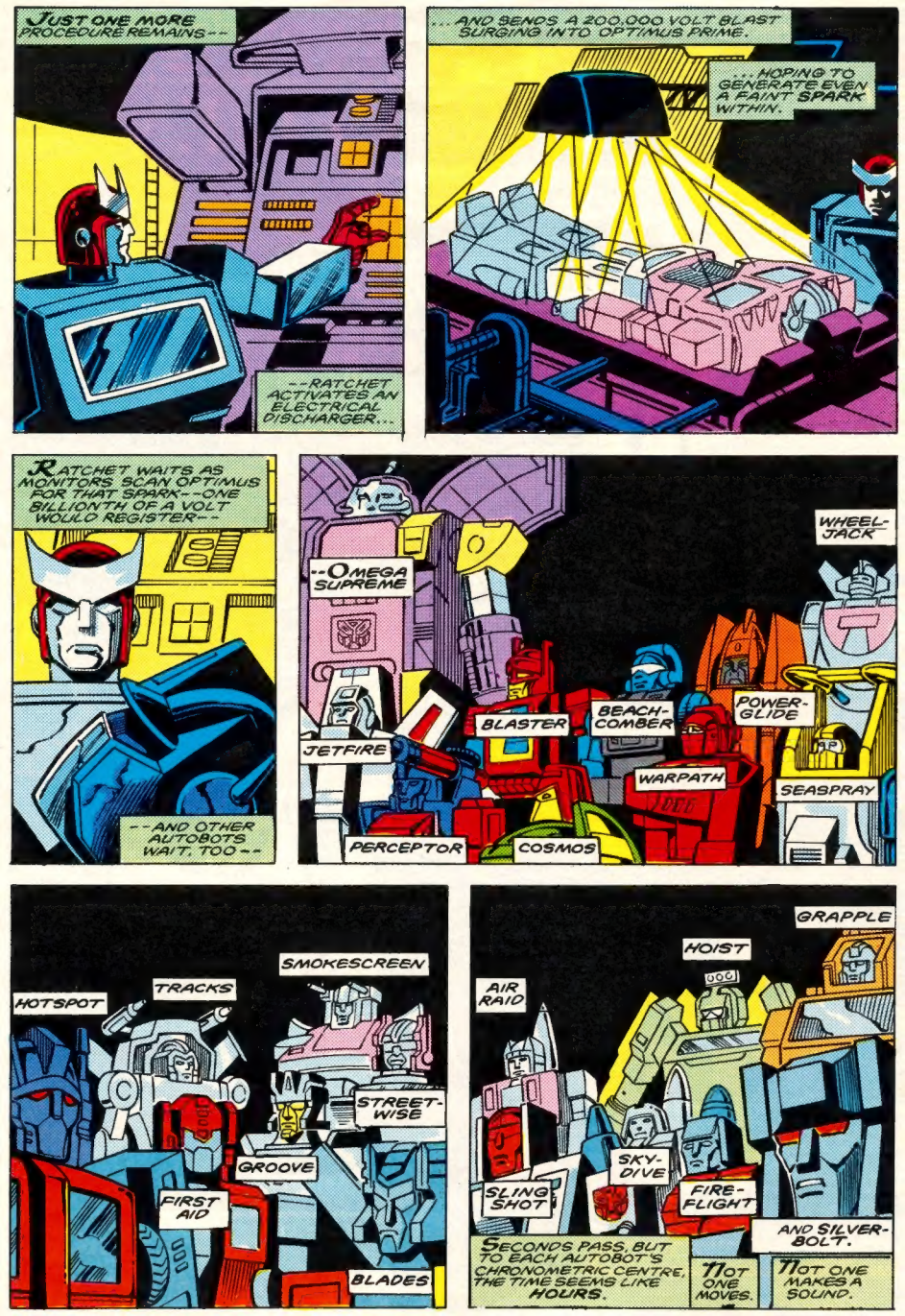
THE TRANSFORMERS™
HEROIC
AUTOBOT
All In A Day's Work For...
THE MECHANIC!
Herb Trimpe

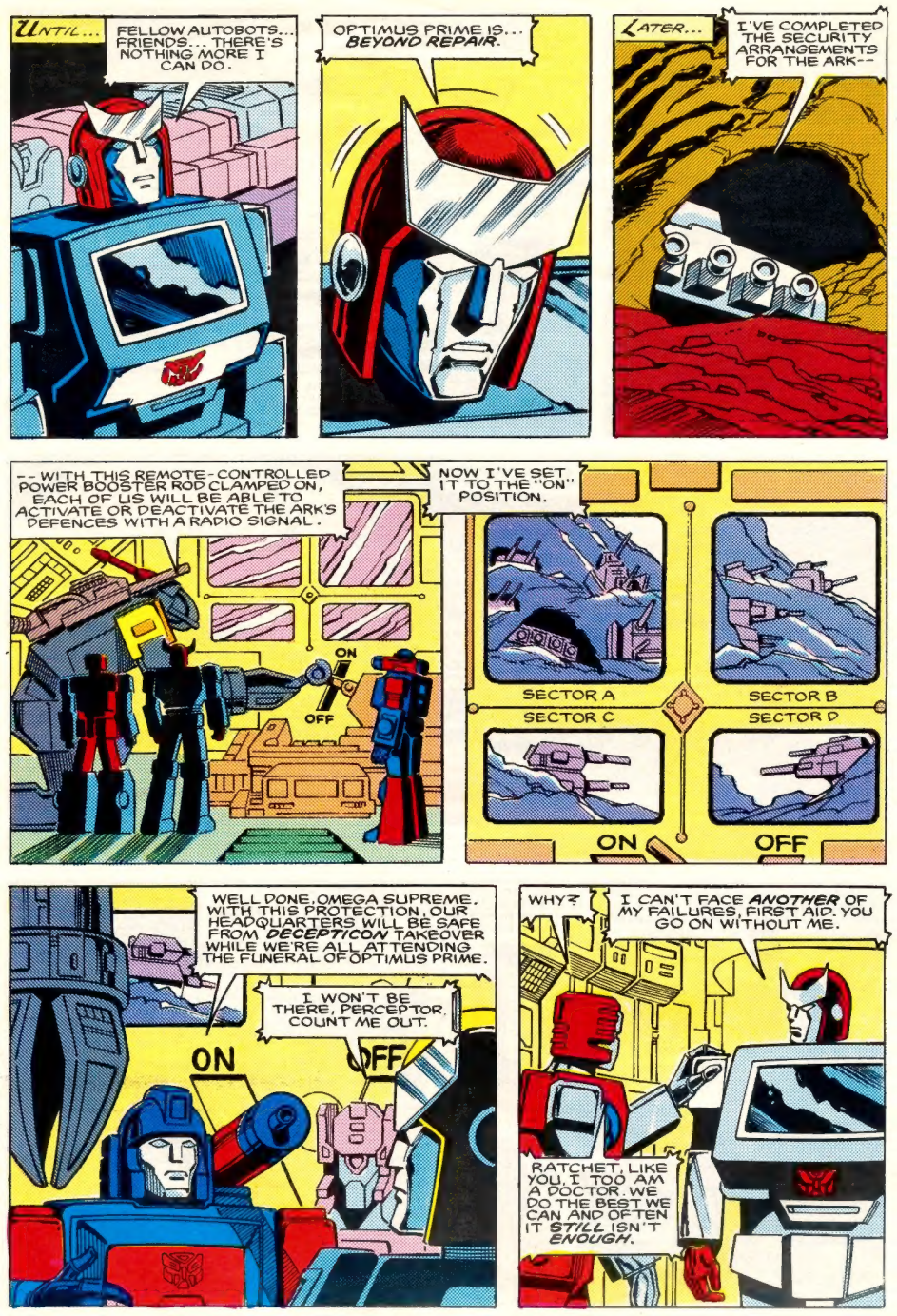
TRANSFORMERS

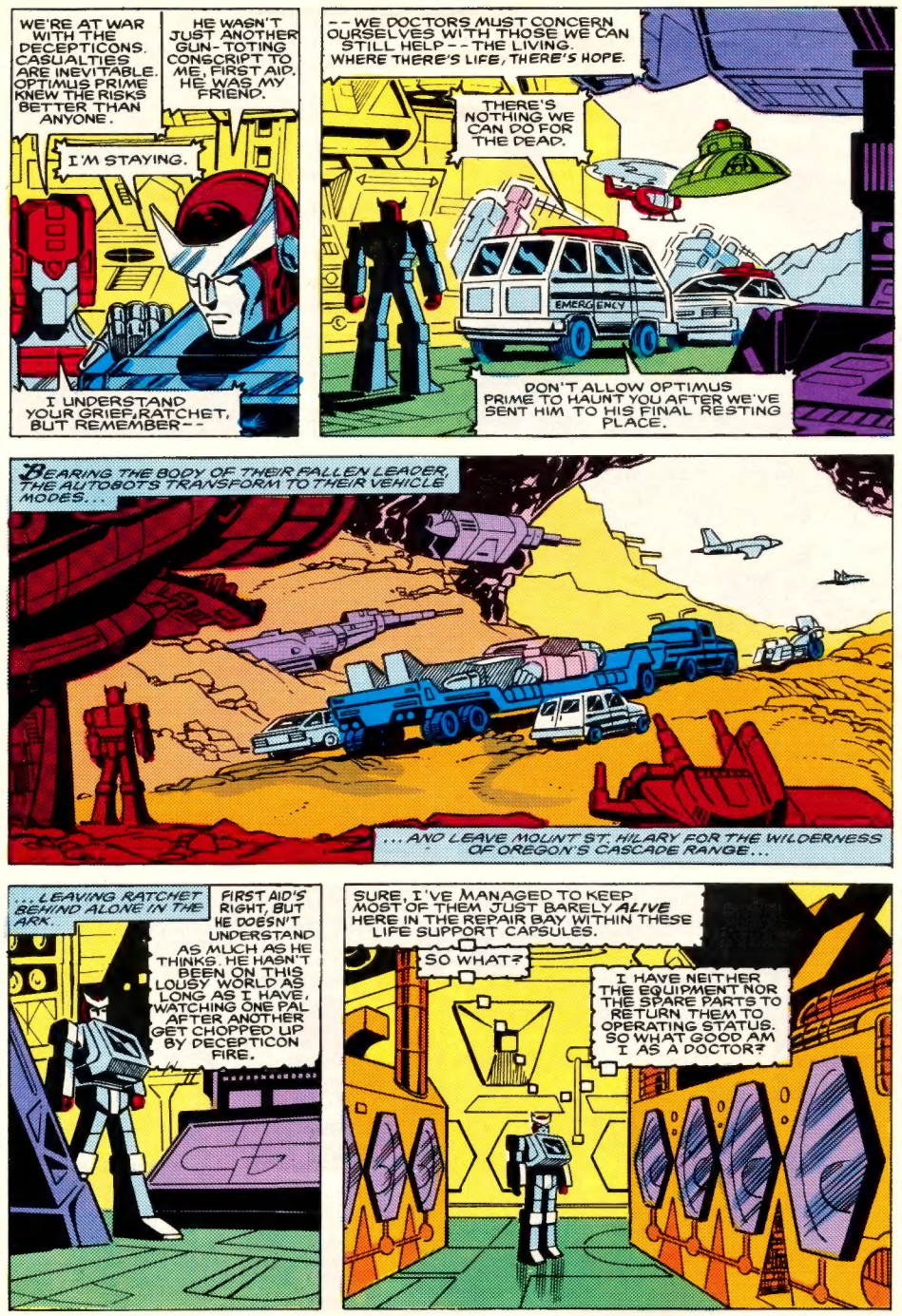
FUNERAL FOR A FRIEND!

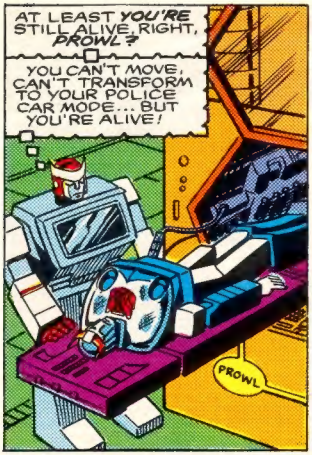

HE HAS DEDICATED HIS ENTIRE LIFE, ON EARTH AND ON HIS NATIVE PLANET, CYBERTRON, TO SAVING THE LIVES OF OTHERS.
FOR THE LAST 238 HOURS STRAIGHT, HE'S...
... WELDED METAL PLATES, RECONNECTED CIRCUITS, FUSED WIRES, RE-ETCHED MICROCHIPS, SEALED FUEL LINES -- ALL FOR ONE PATIENT.
NOW, AS THE LAST PRECISELY AIMED BEAM FROM HIS LASER SCALPEL CLOSES THE FINAL CRACK IN THIS PATIENT'S STEEL-ALLOY SKIN, HE'S ABOUT TO SEE IF ALL THE WORK WAS WORTH IT.
RATCHET, CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER OF THE AUTOBOTS, WILL NOW LEARN WHETHER OPTIMUS PRIME, COMMANDER OF THE AUTOBOTS WILL LIVE AGAIN. *
* OPTIMUS PRIME WAS BLOWN TO BITS IN TRANSFORMERS #106.

BOB BUDIANSKY WRITER
BRETT BREEDING INKER
NEL YOMTOV COLOURIST
JIM SHOOTER EDITOR IN CHIEF
DON PERLIN PENCILLER
JANICE CHIANG LETTERER
DON DALEY EDITOR

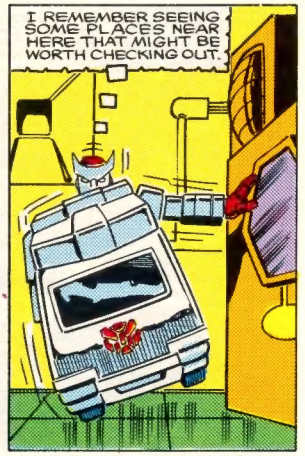

JUST ONE MORE PROCEDURE REMAINS--
--RATCHET ACTIVATES AN ELECTRICAL DISCHARGER...
...AND SENDS A 200,000 VOLT BLAST SURGING INTO OPTIMUS PRIME.
...HOPING TO GENERATE EVEN A FAINT SPARK WITHIN.
RATCHET WAITS AS MONITORS SCAN OPTIMUS FOR THAT SPARK--ONE BILLIONTH OF A VOLT WOULD REGISTER--
--AND OTHER AUTOBOTS WAIT, TOO--
--OMEGA SUPREME
WHEEL-JACK
BLASTER
BEACH-COMBER
POWER-GLIDE
JETFIRE
WARPATH
SEASPRAY
PERCEPTOR
COSMOS
HOTSPOT
TRACKS
SMOKESCREEN
STREET-WISE
GROOVE
FIRST AID
BLADES
GRAPPLE
HOIST
AIR RAID
SKY-DIVE
SLING SHOT
FIRE-FLIGHT
AND SILVER-BOLT.
SECONDS PASS, BUT TO EACH AUTOBOT'S CHRONOMETRIC CENTRE, THE TIME SEEMS LIKE HOURS.
NOT ONE MOVES.
NOT ONE MAKES A SOUND.

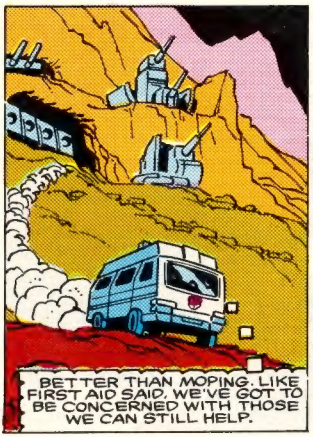

UNTIL...
FELLOW AUTOBOTS... FRIENDS... THERE'S NOTHING MORE I CAN DO.
OPTIMUS PRIME IS... BEYOND REPAIR.
LATER...
I'VE COMPLETED THE SECURITY ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE ARK--
--WITH THIS REMOTE-CONTROLLED POWER BOOSTER ROD CLAMPED ON, EACH OF US WILL BE ABLE TO ACTIVATE OR DEACTIVATE THE ARK'S DEFENCES WITH A RADIO SIGNAL.
ON
OFF
NOW I'VE SET IT TO THE "ON" POSITION.
SECTOR A
SECTOR B
SECTOR C
SECTOR D
ON
OFF
WELL DONE, OMEGA SUPREME. WITH THIS PROTECTION, OUR HEADQUARTERS WILL BE SAFE FROM DECEPTICON TAKEOVER WHILE WE'RE ALL ATTENDING THE FUNERAL OF OPTIMUS PRIME.
I WON'T BE THERE, PERCEPTOR. COUNT ME OUT.
ON
OFF
WHY?
I CAN'T FACE ANOTHER OF MY FAILURES, FIRST AID. YOU GO ON WITHOUT ME.
RATCHET, LIKE YOU, I TOO AM A DOCTOR. WE DO THE BEST WE CAN AND OFTEN IT STILL ISN'T ENOUGH.

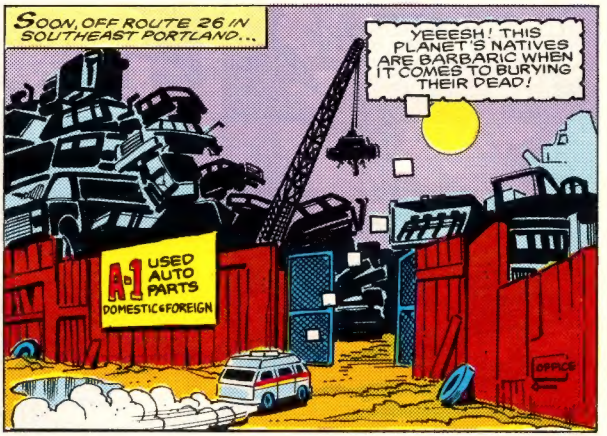

WE'RE AT WAR WITH THE DECEPTICONS. CASUALTIES ARE INEVITABLE. OPTIMUS PRIME KNEW THE RISKS BETTER THAN ANYONE.
HE WASN'T JUST ANOTHER GUN-TOTING CONSCRIPT TO ME, FIRST AID. HE WAS MY FRIEND.
I'M STAYING.
I UNDERSTAND YOUR GRIEF, RATCHET, BUT REMEMBER--
--WE DOCTORS MUST CONCERN OURSELVES WITH THOSE WE CAN STILL HELP--THE LIVING. WHERE THERE'S LIFE, THERE'S HOPE.
THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR THE DEAD.
EMERGENCY
DON'T ALLOW OPTIMUS PRIME TO HAUNT YOU AFTER WE'VE SENT HIM TO HIS FINAL RESTING PLACE.
BEARING THE BODY OF THEIR FALLEN LEADER, THE AUTOBOTS TRANSFORM TO THEIR VEHICLE MODES...
...AND LEAVE MOUNT ST. HILARY FOR THE WILDERNESS OF OREGON'S CASCADE RANGE...
...LEAVING RATCHET BEHIND ALONE IN THE ARK.
FIRST AID'S RIGHT, BUT HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND AS MUCH AS HE THINKS. HE HASN'T BEEN ON THIS LOUSY WORLD AS LONG AS I HAVE, WATCHING ONE PAL AFTER ANOTHER GET CHOPPED UP BY DECEPTICON FIRE.
SURE, I'VE MANAGED TO KEEP MOST OF THEM JUST BARELY ALIVE HERE IN THE REPAIR BAY WITHIN THESE LIFE SUPPORT CAPSULES.
SO WHAT?
I HAVE NEITHER THE EQUIPMENT NOR THE SPARE PARTS TO RETURN THEM TO OPERATING STATUS. SO WHAT GOOD AM I AS A DOCTOR?

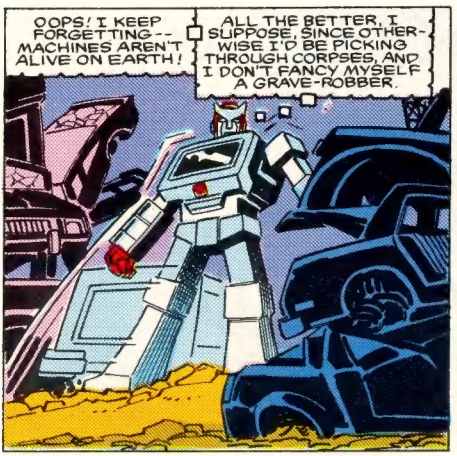

AT LEAST YOU'RE STILL ALIVE, RIGHT, PROWL?
YOU CAN'T MOVE, CAN'T TRANSFORM TO YOUR POLICE CAR MODE... BUT YOU'RE ALIVE!
PROWL

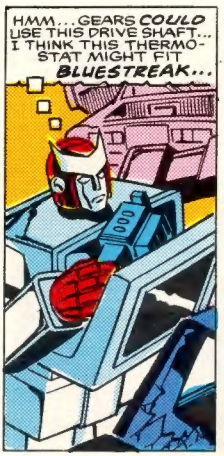
HMM... MAYBE I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY MONITORING VITAL SIGNS AND NOT BUSY ENOUGH LOOKING FOR CURES.


I REMEMBER SEEING SOME PLACES NEAR HERE THAT MIGHT BE WORTH CHECKING OUT.

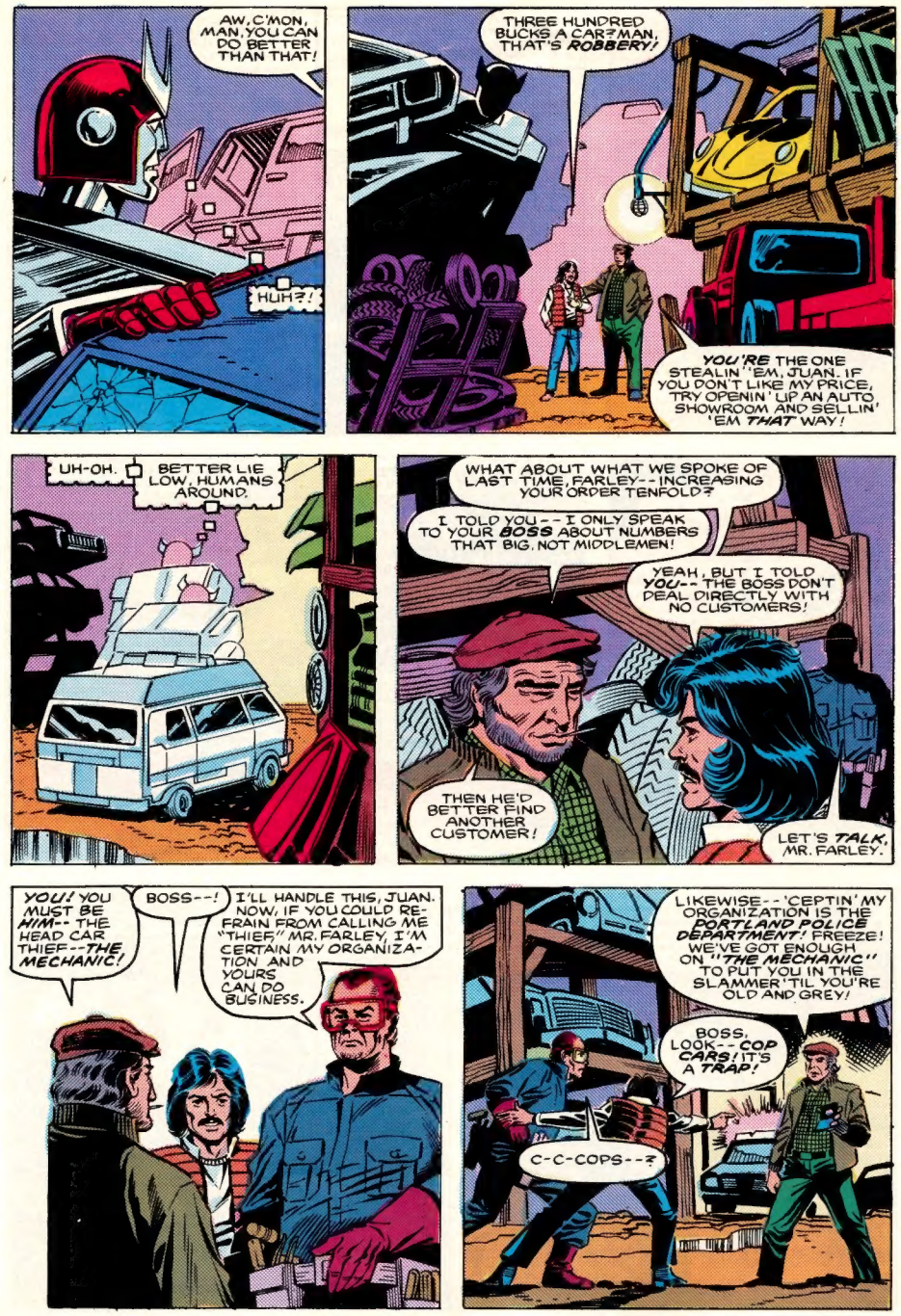

BETTER THAN MOPING. LIKE FIRST AID SAID, WE'VE GOT TO BE CONCERNED WITH THOSE WE CAN STILL HELP.

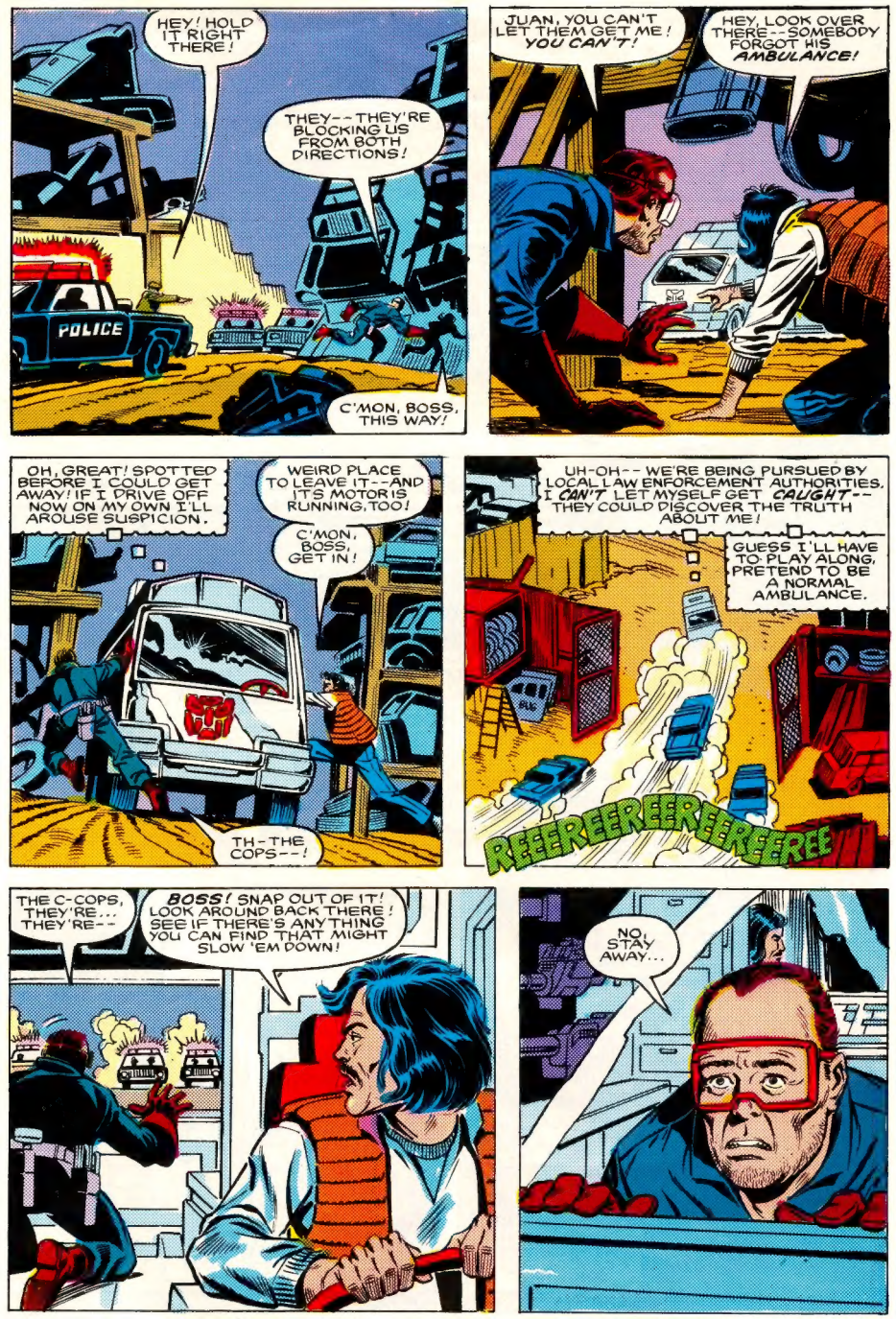

SOON, OFF ROUTE 26 IN SOUTHEAST PORTLAND...
YEEESH! THIS PLANET'S NATIVES ARE BARBARIC WHEN IT COMES TO BURYING THEIR DEAD!
A-1 USED AUTO PARTS
DOMESTIC & FOREIGN
OFFICE


OOPS! I KEEP FORGETTING -- MACHINES AREN'T ALIVE ON EARTH!
ALL THE BETTER, I SUPPOSE, SINCE OTHERWISE I'D BE PICKING THROUGH CORPSES, AND I DON'T FANCY MYSELF A GRAVE-ROBBER.

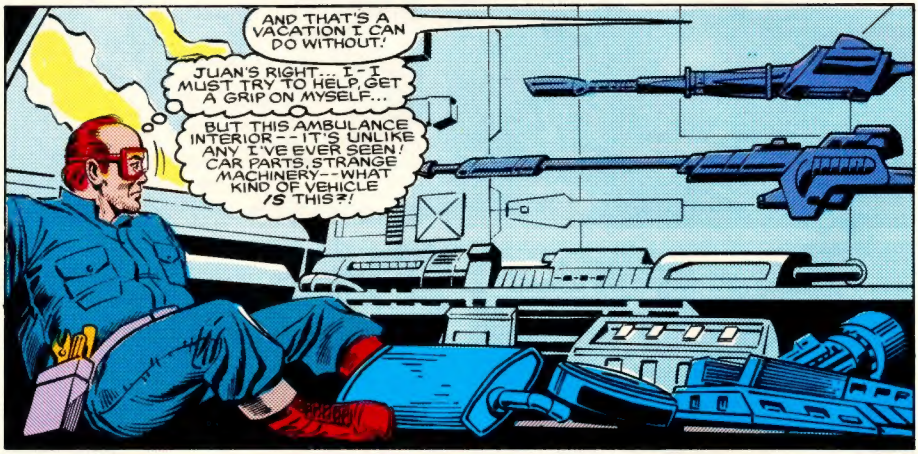

HMM... GEARS COULD USE THIS DRIVE SHAFT... I THINK THIS THERMOSTAT MIGHT FIT BLUESTREAK...

AHH -- POLICE CAR ROOF LIGHTS -- PERFECT FOR PROWL!
POLICE

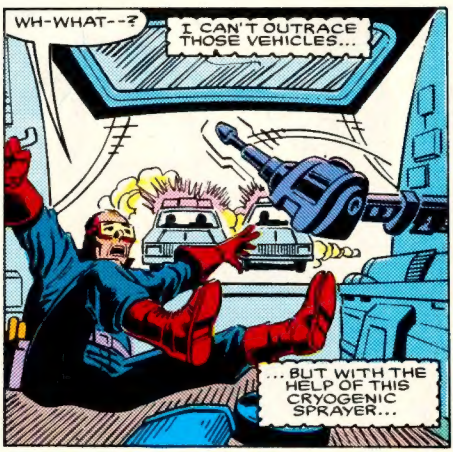

AW, C'MON, MAN, YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT!
HUH?!
THREE HUNDRED BUCKS A CAR? MAN, THAT'S ROBBERY!
YOU'RE THE ONE STEALIN' 'EM, JUAN. IF YOU DON'T LIKE MY PRICE, TRY OPENIN' UP AN AUTO SHOWROOM AND SELLIN' 'EM THAT WAY!
UH-OH.
BETTER LIE LOW, HUMANS AROUND.
WHAT ABOUT WHAT WE SPOKE OF LAST TIME, FARLEY--INCREASING YOUR ORDER TENFOLD?
I TOLD YOU--I ONLY SPEAK TO YOUR BOSS ABOUT NUMBERS THAT BIG, NOT MIDDLEMEN!
YEAH, BUT I TOLD YOU--THE BOSS DON'T DEAL DIRECTLY WITH NO CUSTOMERS!
THEN HE'D BETTER FIND ANOTHER CUSTOMER!
LET'S TALK, MR. FARLEY.
YOU! YOU MUST BE HIM--THE HEAD CAR THIEF--THE MECHANIC!
BOSS--!
I'LL HANDLE THIS, JUAN. NOW, IF YOU COULD REFRAIN FROM CALLING ME "THIEF," MR. FARLEY, I'M CERTAIN MY ORGANIZATION AND YOURS CAN DO BUSINESS.
LIKEWISE--'CEPTIN' MY ORGANIZATION IS THE PORTLAND POLICE DEPARTMENT! FREEZE! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH ON "THE MECHANIC" TO PUT YOU IN THE SLAMMER 'TIL YOU'RE OLD AND GREY!
BOSS, LOOK--COP CARS! IT'S A TRAP!
C-C-COPS--?

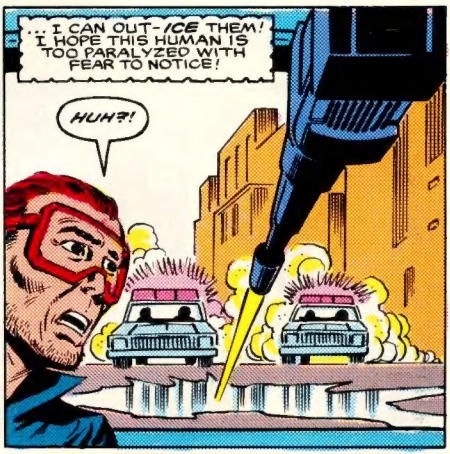

HEY! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!
THEY--THEY'RE BLOCKING US FROM BOTH DIRECTIONS!
POLICE
C'MON, BOSS, THIS WAY!
JUAN, YOU CAN'T LET THEM GET ME! YOU CAN'T!
HEY, LOOK OVER THERE--SOMEBODY FORGOT HIS AMBULANCE!
OH, GREAT! SPOTTED BEFORE I COULD GET AWAY! IF I DRIVE OFF NOW ON MY OWN I'LL AROUSE SUSPICION.
WEIRD PLACE TO LEAVE IT--AND IT'S MOTOR IS RUNNING, TOO!
C'MON, BOSS, GET IN!
TH-THE COPS--!
UH-OH-- WE'RE BEING PURSUED BY LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT AUTHORITIES. I CAN'T LET MYSELF GET CAUGHT-- THEY COULD DISCOVER THE TRUTH ABOUT ME!
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO PLAY ALONG, PRETEND TO BE A NORMAL AMBULANCE.
REEEREEREEREEREEREE
THE C-COPS, THEY'RE... THEY'RE--
BOSS! SNAP OUT OF IT! LOOK AROUND BACK THERE! SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU CAN FIND THAT MIGHT SLOW 'EM DOWN!
NO! STAY AWAY...

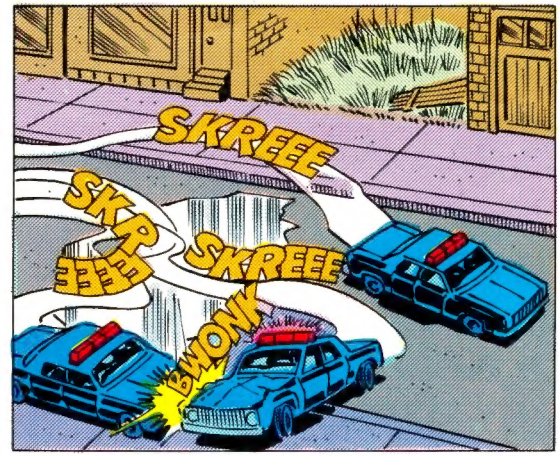
HEY, BOSS, YOU HEARIN' ME?
I KNOW THE COPS HAULED YOU IN ONCE BEFORE, AND YOU DID EIGHT YEARS AT THE STATE PEN, AND YOU DON'T WANNA GO BACK--
--BUT YOU WILL GO BACK IF YOU DON'T THAW OUT! AND YOU'LL BE DRAGGIN' ME WIT' YOU!
JEANIES

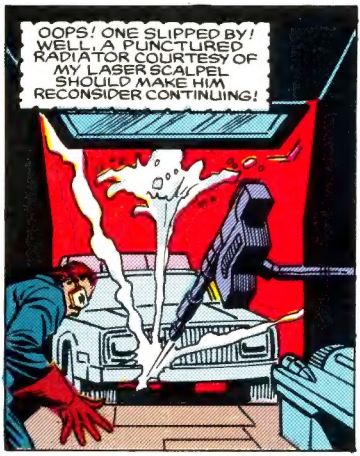

AND THAT'S A VACATION I CAN DO WITHOUT!
JUAN'S RIGHT... I-- I MUST TRY TO HELP GET A GRIP ON MYSELF...
BUT THIS AMBULANCE INTERIOR--IT'S UNLIKE ANY I'VE EVER SEEN! CAR PARTS, STRANGE MACHINERY--WHAT KIND OF VEHICLE IS THIS?!

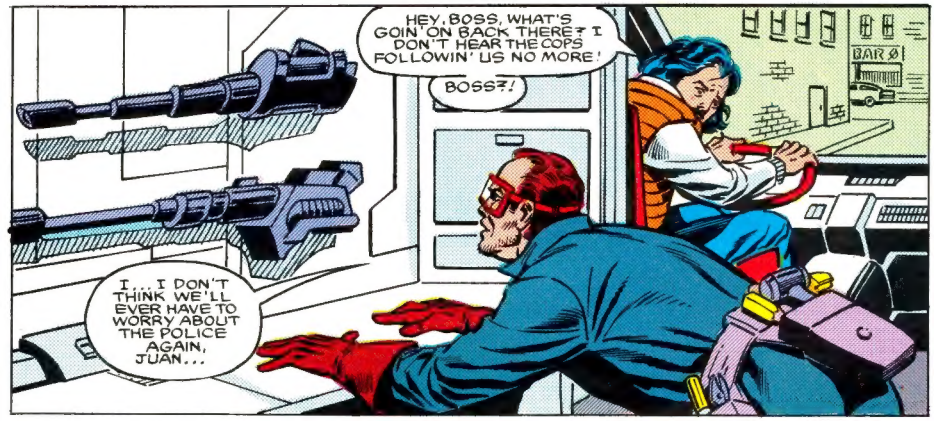
THIS IS THE POLICE! PULL OVER IMMEDIATELY!
PAINT WORLD
VOTE NOW
BOSS, THEY'RE CLOSIN' IN! DO SOMETHIN'!
HOT SUBS


WH-WHAT--?
I CAN'T OUTRACE THOSE VEHICLES...
...BUT WITH THE HELP OF THIS CRYOGENIC SPRAYER...

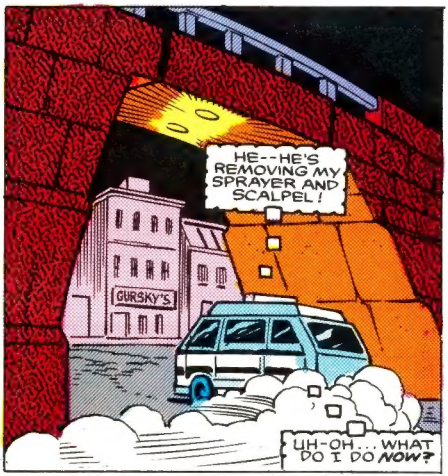

...I CAN OUT-ICE THEM! I HOPE THIS HUMAN IS TOO PARALYZED WITH FEAR TO NOTICE!
HUH?!

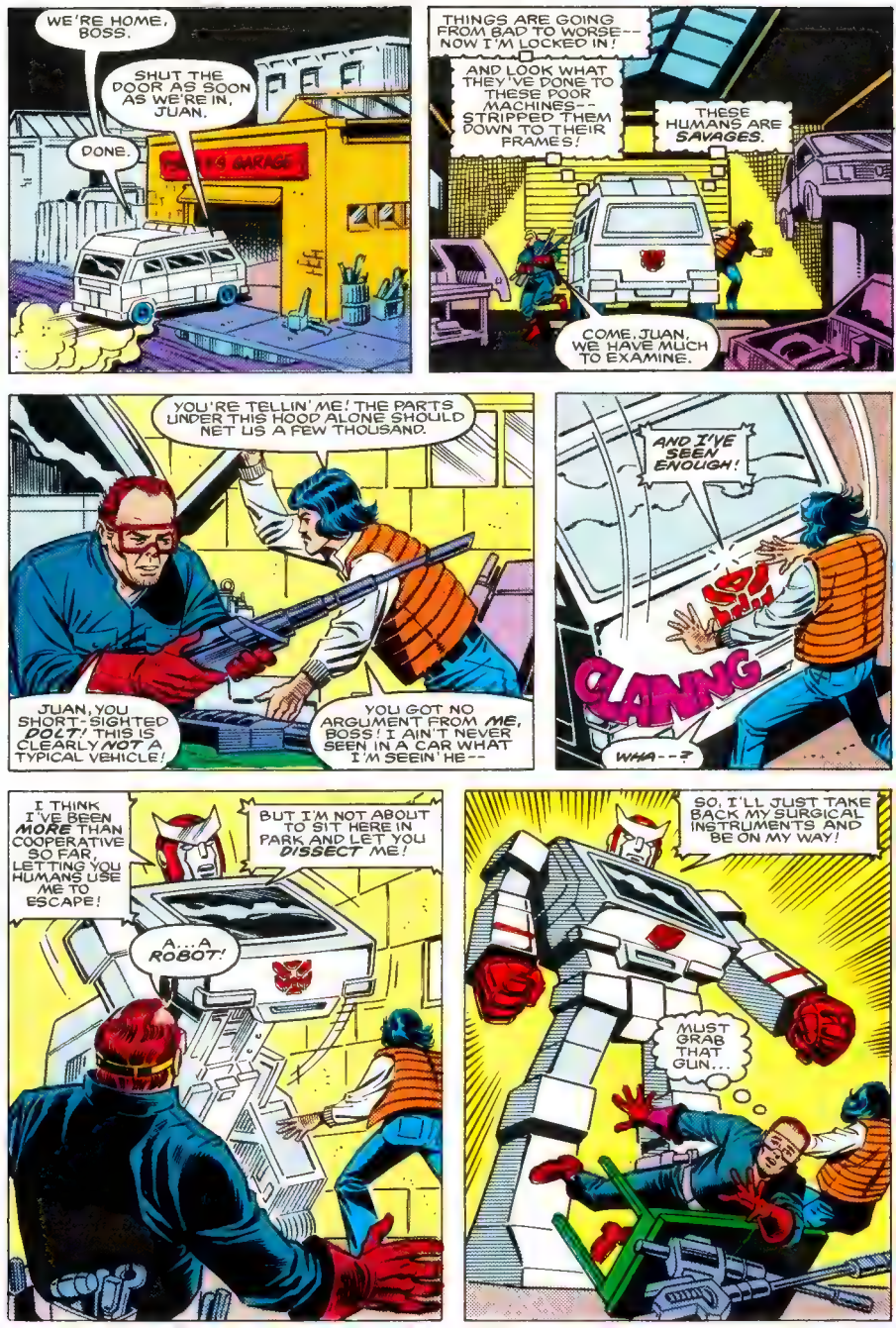

SKREEE
SKR
SKREEE
BWONK

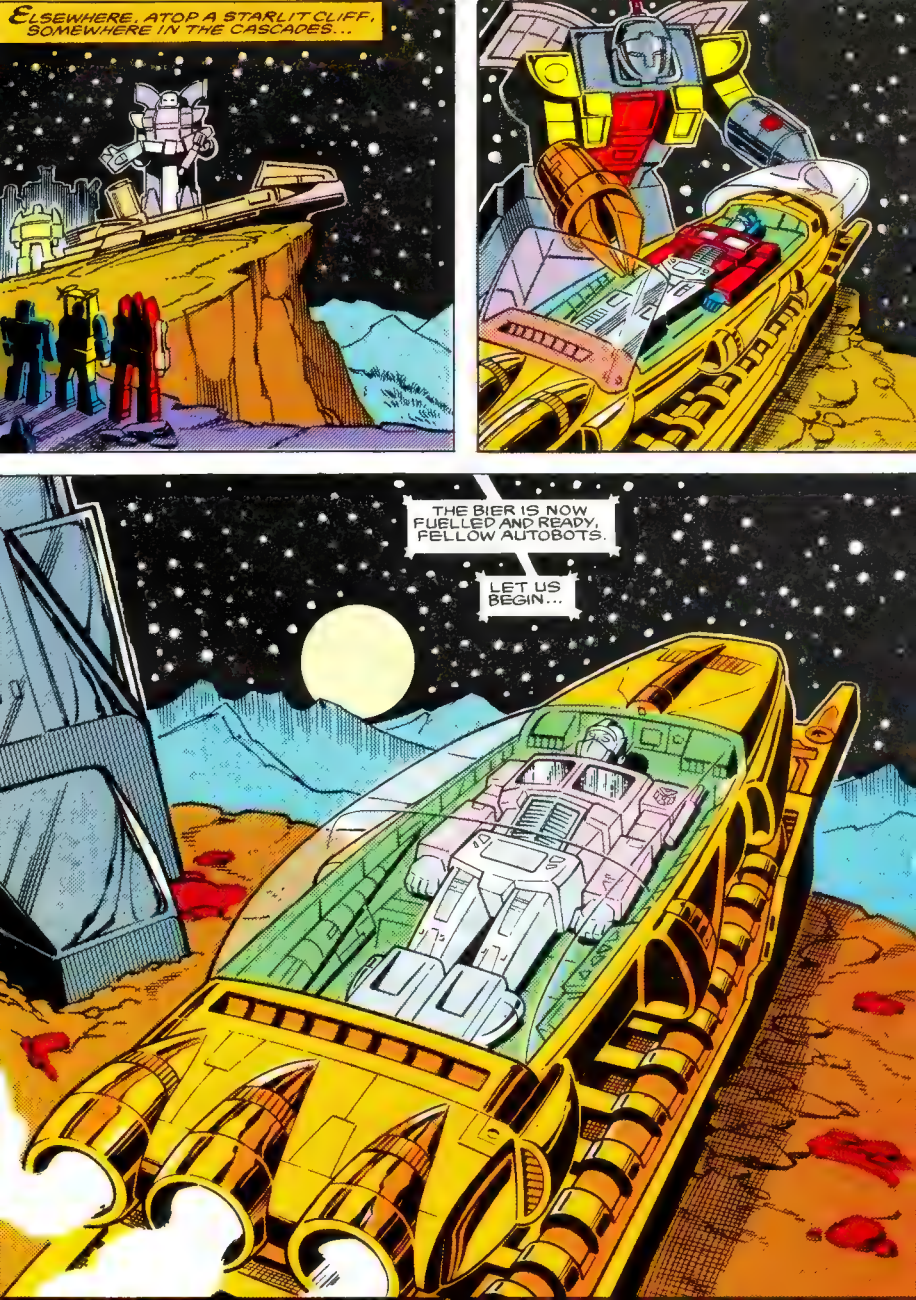

OOPS! ONE SLIPPED BY! WELL, A PUNCTURED RADIATOR COURTESY OF MY LASER SCALPEL SHOULD MAKE HIM RECONSIDER CONTINUING!


HEY, BOSS, WHAT'S GOIN' ON BACK THERE? I DON'T HEAR THE COPS FOLLOWIN' US NO MORE!
BOSS?!
I... I DON'T THINK WE'LL EVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE POLICE AGAIN, JUAN...
BAR

...OR ANYONE OR ANYTHING ELSE, EVER AGAIN, FOR THAT MATTER!
OH, NO--THE HUMAN DID NOTICE!
AND HE'S POKING ME WITH SOMETHING! OW!


HE--HE'S REMOVING MY SPRAYER AND SCALPEL!
GURSKY'S
UH-OH... WHAT DO I DO NOW?


WE'RE HOME, BOSS.
SHUT THE DOOR AS SOON AS WE'RE IN, JUAN.
DONE.
GARAGE
THINGS ARE GOING FROM BAD TO WORSE-- NOW I'M LOCKED IN!
AND LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO THESE POOR MACHINES-- STRIPPED THEM DOWN TO THEIR FRAMES!
THESE HUMANS ARE SAVAGES.
COME, JUAN. WE HAVE MUCH TO EXAMINE.
YOU'RE TELLIN' ME! THE PARTS UNDER THIS HOOD ALONE SHOULD NET US A FEW THOUSAND.
JUAN, YOU SHORT-SIGHTED DOLT! THIS IS CLEARLY NOT A TYPICAL VEHICLE!
YOU GOT NO ARGUMENT FROM ME, BOSS! I AIN'T NEVER SEEN IN A CAR WHAT I'M SEEIN' HE--
AND I'VE SEEN ENOUGH!
CLANNG
WHA--?
I THINK I'VE BEEN MORE THAN COOPERATIVE SO FAR, LETTING YOU HUMANS USE ME TO ESCAPE!
BUT I'M NOT ABOUT TO SIT HERE IN PARK AND LET YOU DISSECT ME!
A...A ROBOT!
SO, I'LL JUST TAKE BACK MY SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS AND BE ON MY WAY!
MUST GRAB THAT GUN...


ELSEWHERE, ATOP A STARLIT CLIFF, SOMEWHERE IN THE CASCADES...
THE BIER IS NOW FUELLED AND READY, FELLOW AUTOBOTS.
LET US BEGIN...

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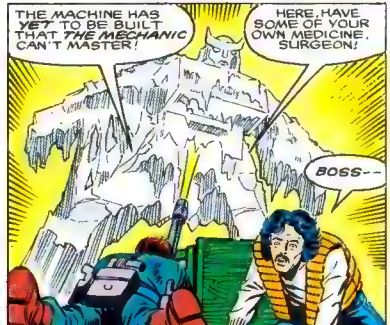
THE TRANSFORMERS™

HEROIC AUTOBOT

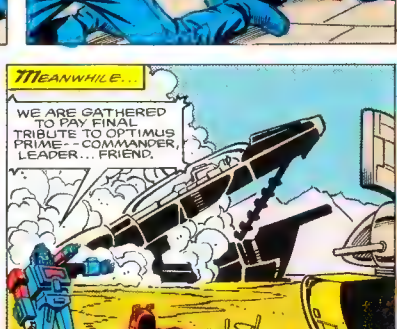
UNDER ATTACK...

FROM THE ARK!


THE MACHINE HAS YET TO BE BUILT THAT THE MECHANIC CAN'T MASTER!
HERE, HAVE SOME OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE, SURGEON!
BOSS--

--LET'S GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE HE MELTS!
YOU FOOL, JUAN!
DO YOU LISTEN TO THE NEWS REPORTS? DON'T YOU REALIZE WE'VE STUMBLED UPON ONE OF THE ROBOTS THEY SPEAK OF? THE ONES SOME SAY ARE ALIVE?!

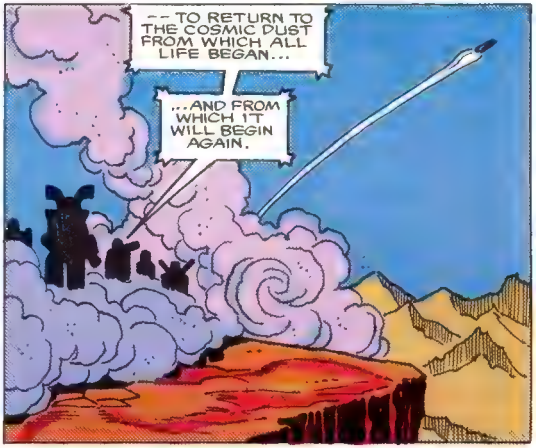
THIS ROBOT IS MY TICKET OUT OF THIS PATHETIC CAR-THEFT RACKET! NO MORE WILL I FEAR THE POLICE, NO MORE--BECAUSE THERE ARE A LOT MORE WEAPONS WHERE THESE CAME FROM!
AND WE'RE GOING TO FIND THEM!

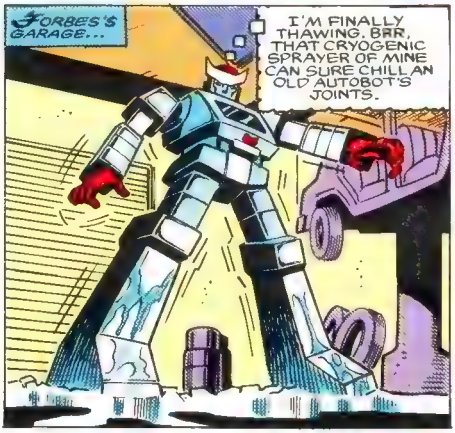

MEANWHILE...
WE ARE GATHERED TO PAY FINAL TRIBUTE TO OPTIMUS PRIME--COMMANDER, LEADER... FRIEND.

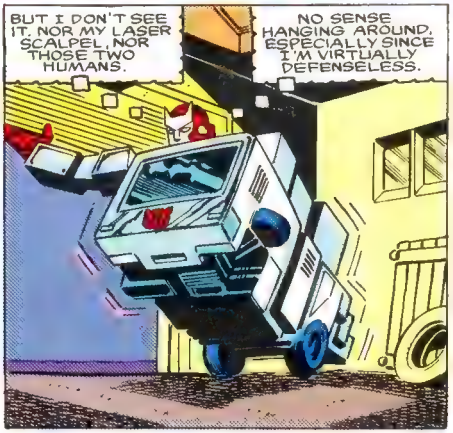
HIS COURAGE WAS THE BEACON THAT GUIDED US THROUGH THE DARK WILDERNESS OF THIS ALIEN WORLD. HIS LOVE AND KINDNESS INSPIRED US WHEN OUR PROSPECTS SEEMED MOST BLEAK.
HIS WISDOM WASHED OVER US IN UNENDING WAVES. IF WE EACH RETAINED BUT A DROP WE WOULD EACH BE IMMEASURABLY THE BETTER FOR IT.

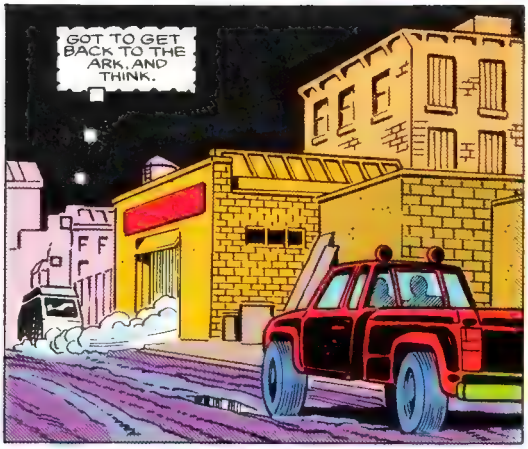
WE THANK YOU, OPTIMUS PRIME.
FAREWELL.

WE SEND YOU TO JOIN WITH THE UNIVERSE--

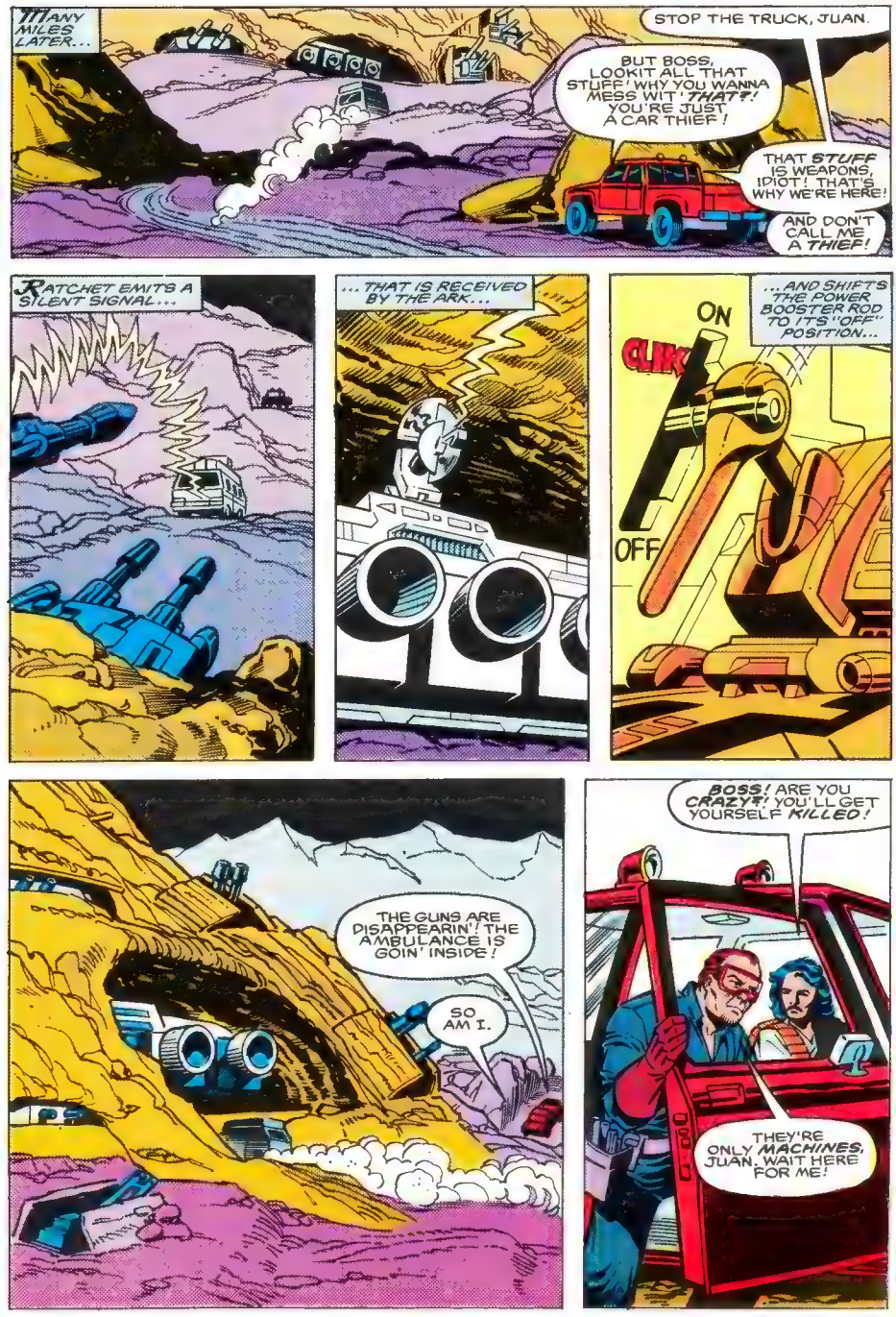

--TO RETURN TO THE COSMIC DUST FROM WHICH ALL LIFE BEGAN...
...AND FROM WHICH IT WILL BEGIN AGAIN.


FORBES'S GARAGE...
I'M FINALLY THAWING. BRR, THAT CRYOGENIC SPRAYER OF MINE CAN SURE CHILL AN OLD AUTOBOT'S JOINTS.

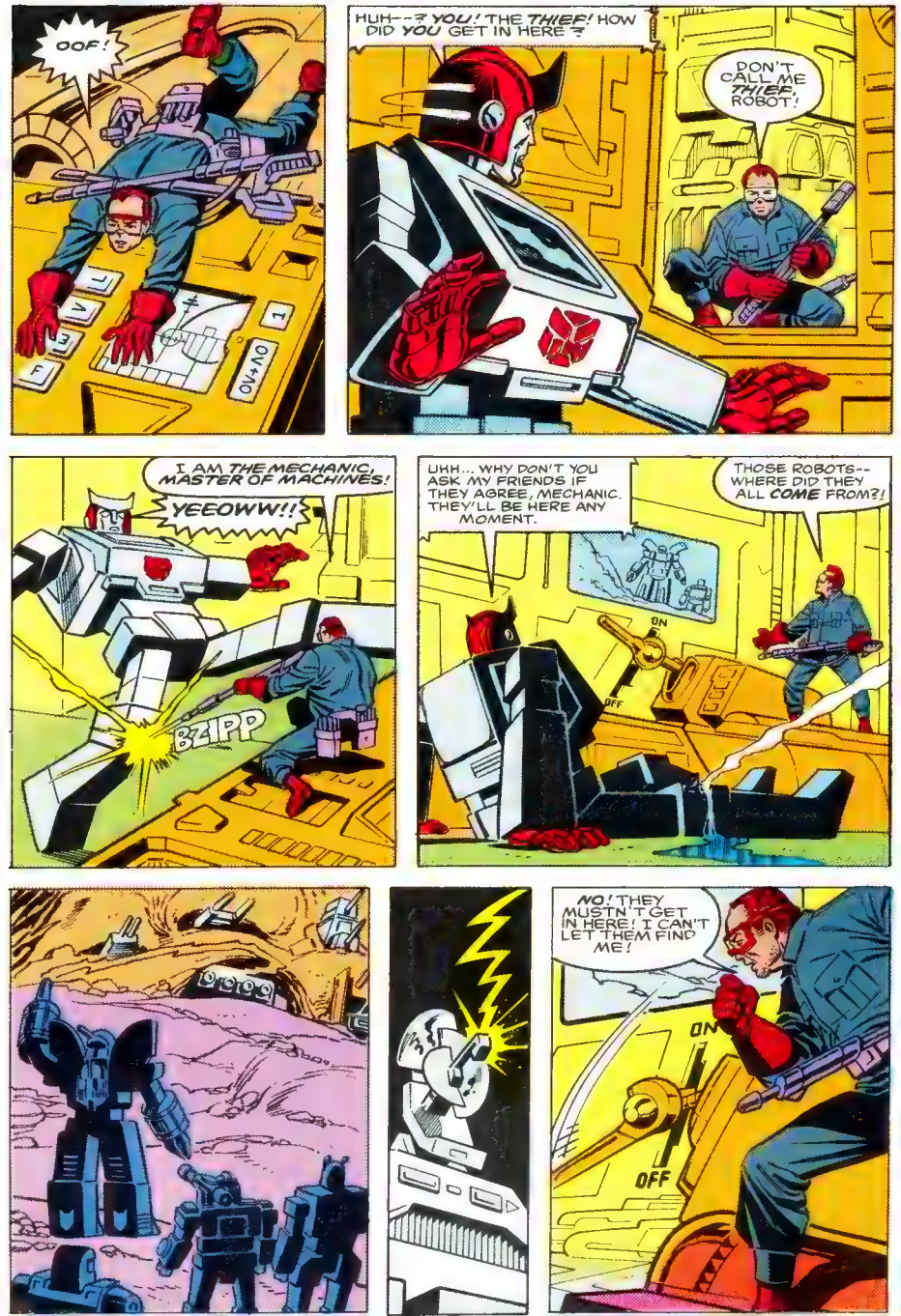

BUT I DON'T SEE IT. NOR MY LASER SCALPEL, NOR THOSE TWO HUMANS.
NO SENSE HANGING AROUND, ESPECIALLY SINCE I'M VIRTUALLY DEFENSELESS.


GOT TO GET BACK TO THE ARK, AND THINK.

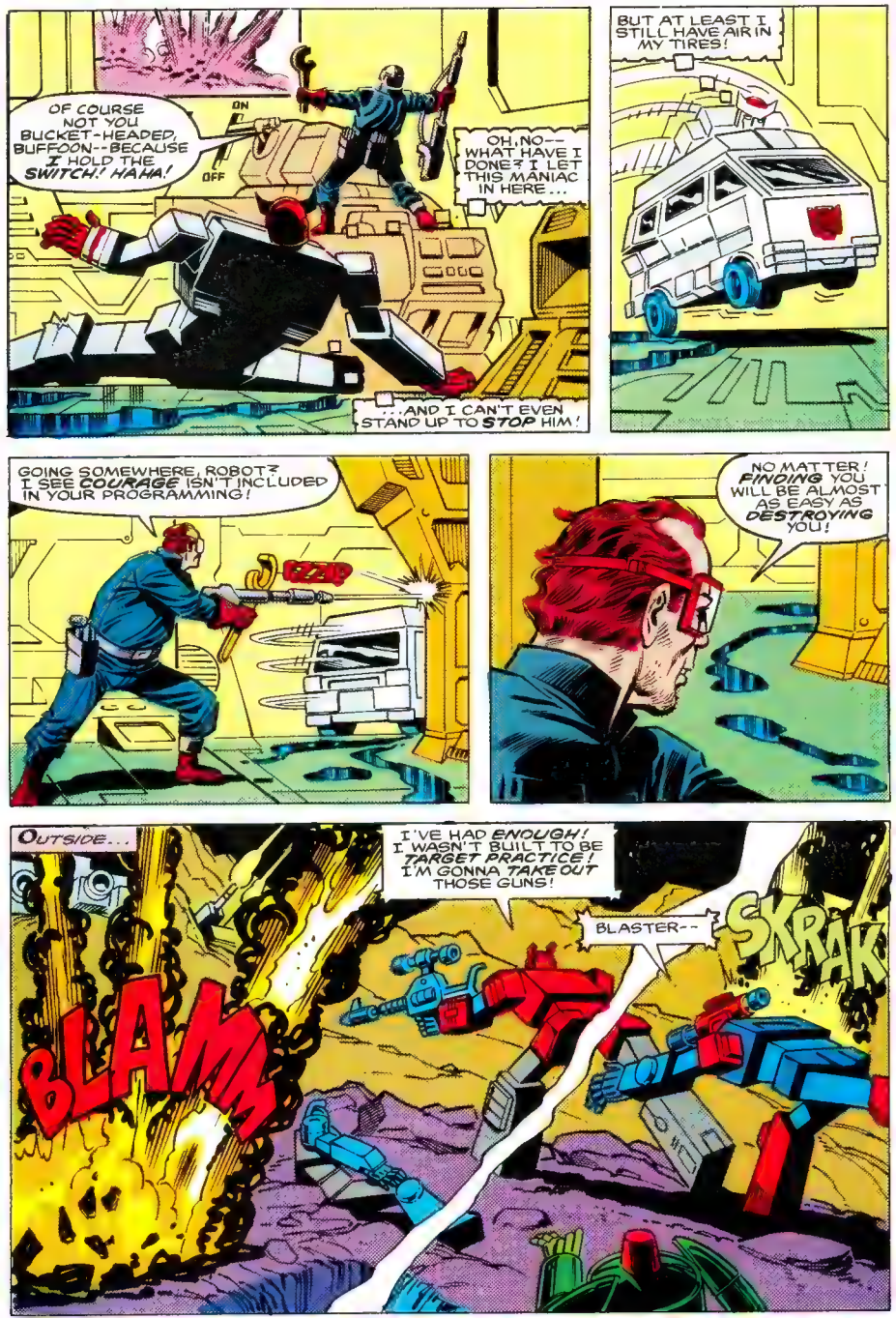
FOLLOW IT.

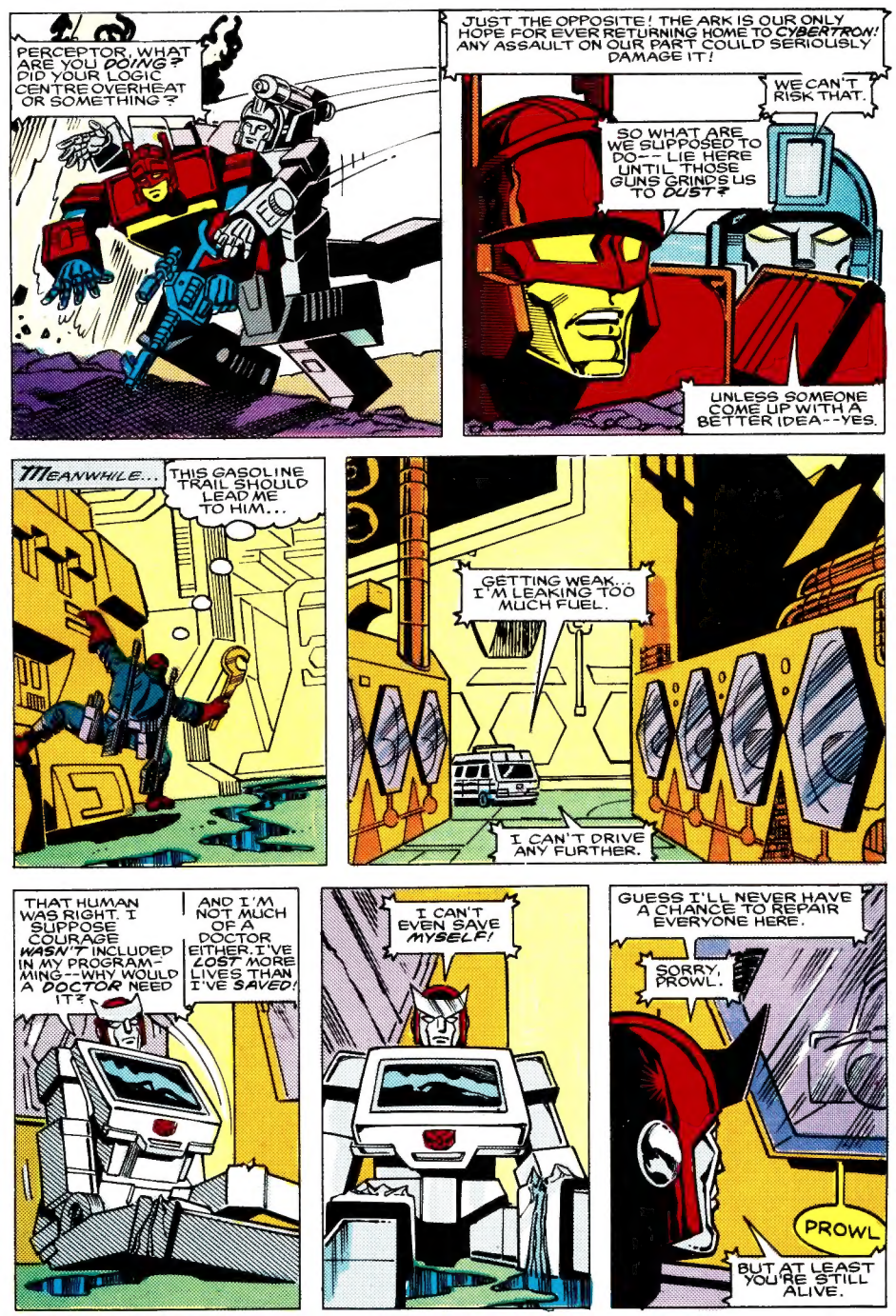

MANY MILES LATER...
STOP THE TRUCK, JUAN.
BUT BOSS, LOOKIT ALL THAT STUFF! WHY YOU WANNA MESS WIT' THAT?! YOU'RE JUST A CAR THIEF!
THAT STUFF IS WEAPONS, IDIOT! THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE!
AND DON'T CALL ME A THIEF!
RATCHET EMITS A SILENT SIGNAL...
...THAT IS RECEIVED BY THE ARK...
...AND SHIFTS THE POWER BOOSTER ROD TO ITS "OFF" POSITION...
ON
CLIK
OFF
THE GUNS ARE DISAPPEARIN'! THE AMBULANCE IS GOIN' INSIDE!
SO AM I.
BOSS! ARE YOU CRAZY?! YOU'LL GET YOURSELF KILLED!
THEY'RE ONLY MACHINES, JUAN. WAIT HERE FOR ME!

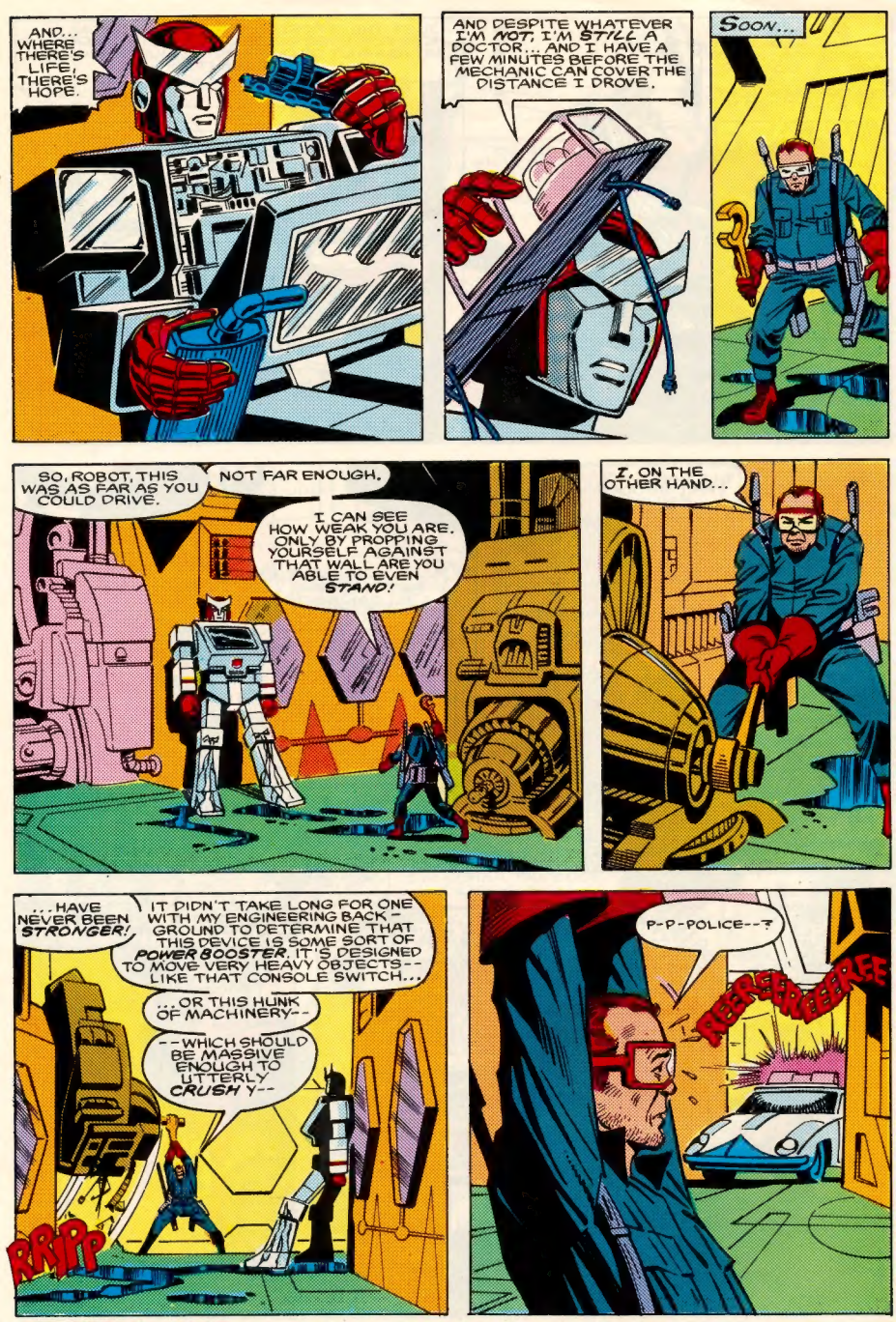
OMEGA SUPREME MANAGED TO WIRE THIS WHOLE MOUNTAIN WITH WEAPONS TO KEEP OUT INTRUDERS...
SECTOR A
SECTOR C
ON
OFF
...AND I CAN'T EVEN KEEP A HUMAN FROM INTRUDING AND STEALING MY MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS.
OFF
CLIK
ON
SOME WARRIOR I AM.
THERE. EVERYTHING'S ACTIVATED AGAIN. NOW I CAN GO TO REPAIR BAY AND NOT HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT UNINVITED GUESTS.
SECTOR A
SECTOR B
SECTOR C
SECTOR D
ON
HMMM...
...THIS APPEARS TO BE SOME KIND OF MAIN CONTROL CONSOLE.

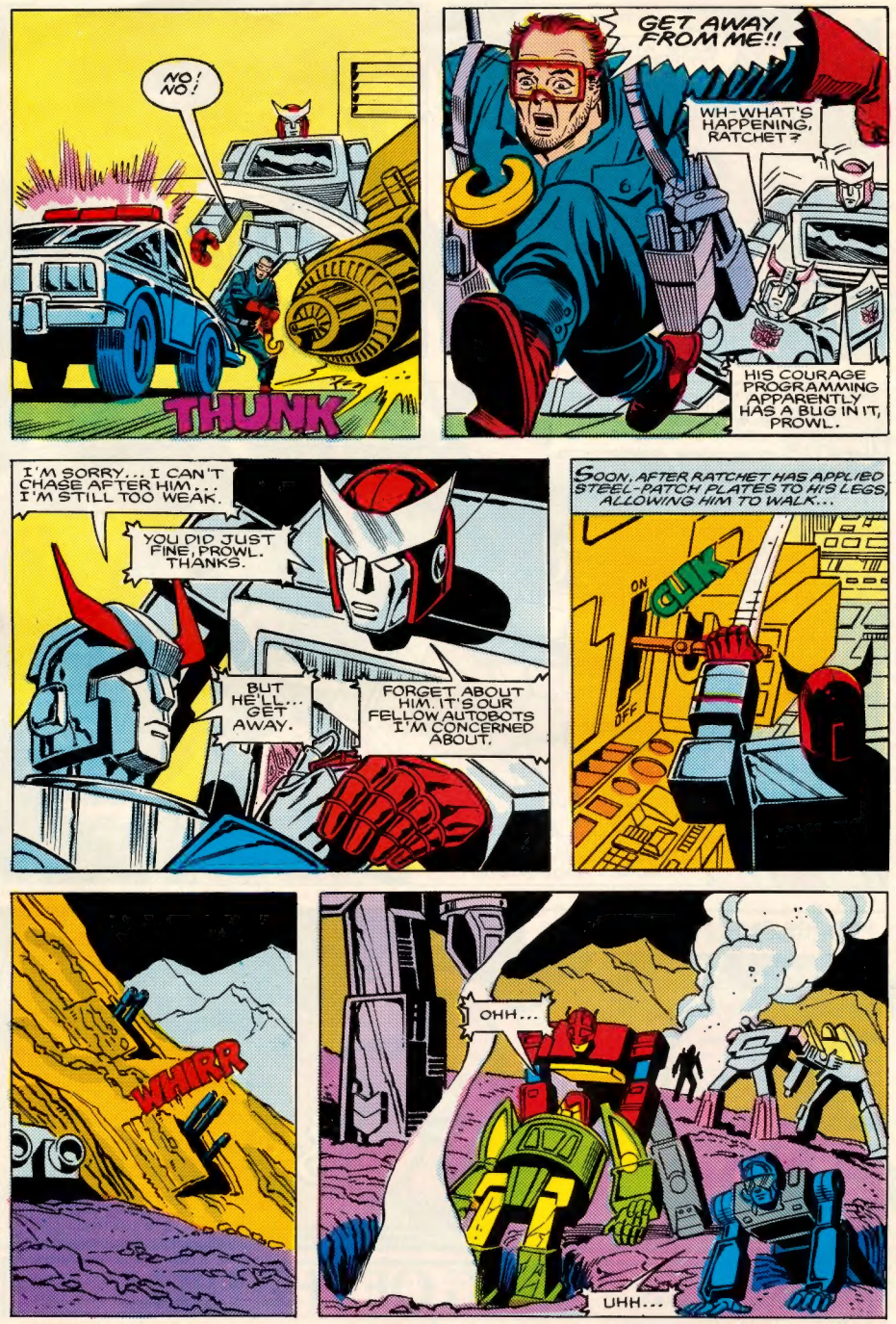

OOF!
HUH--? YOU! THE THIEF! HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?
DON'T CALL ME THIEF, ROBOT!
I AM THE MECHANIC, MASTER OF MACHINES!
YEEOWW!!
BZZPP
UHH... WHY DON'T YOU ASK MY FRIENDS IF THEY AGREE, MECHANIC. THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MOMENT.
THOSE ROBOTS-- WHERE DID THEY ALL COME FROM?!
ON
OFF
NO! THEY MUSTN'T GET IN HERE! I CAN'T LET THEM FIND ME!
ON
OFF

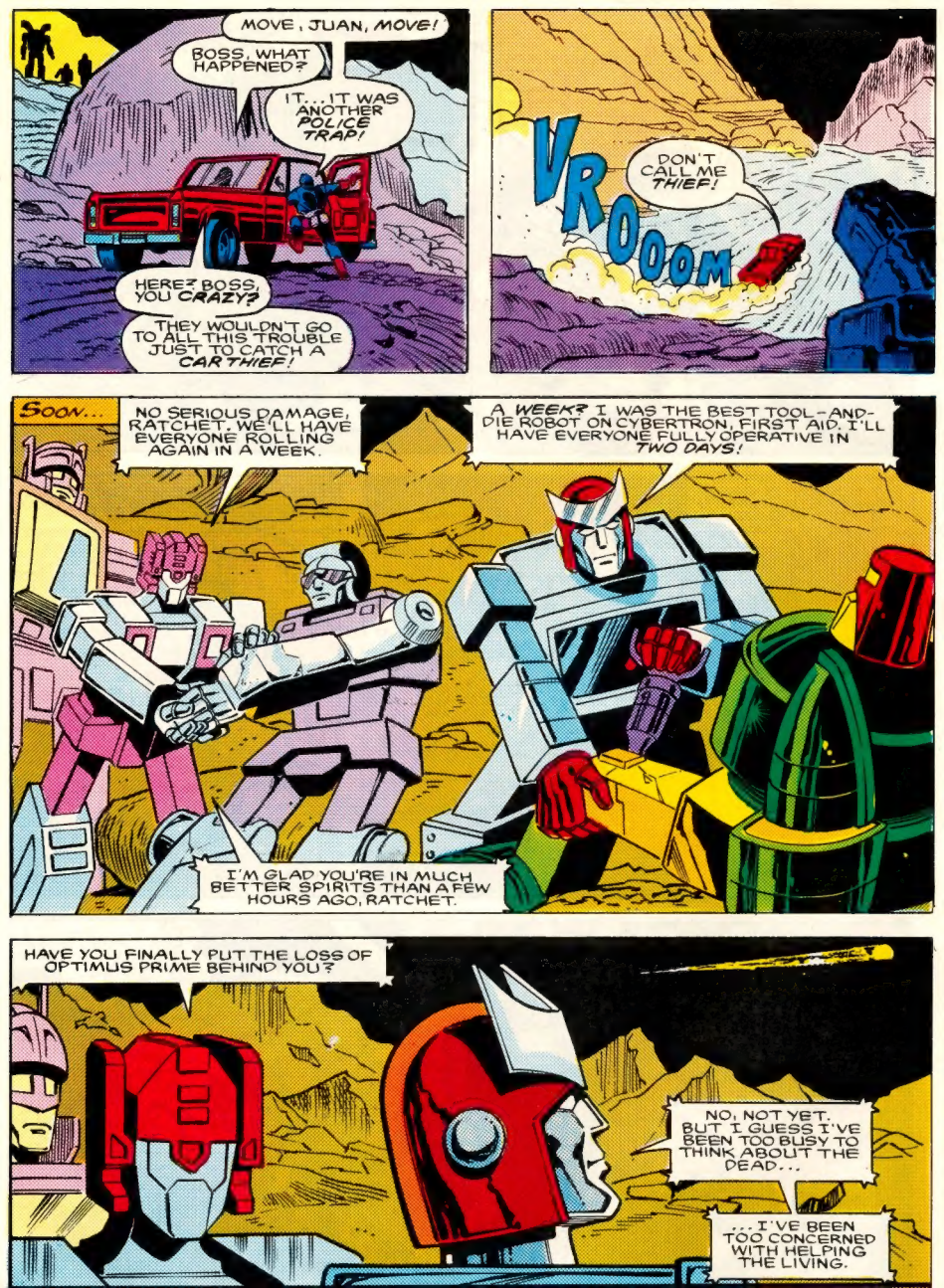
I STILL HAVE ONE CHANCE... IF I HAVE THE STRENGTH TO LIFT THIS SWITCH--REACTIVATE THOSE WEAPONS!
ON
OFF
WHA--IT'S LIKE LIFTING A FEATHER!
ON
OFF
NO! THEY'LL BE SLAUGHTERED!
WORRY ABOUT YOUR-SELF, ROBOT--
--YOU'RE ABOUT TO BECOME SPARE PARTS!
OWW!!
BZZZT
AND NEITHER YOU--NOR YOUR FRIENDS--ARE IN ANY POSITION TO STOP ME!
OMEGA SUPREME--WHAT'S HAPPENING?! DIDN'T YOU DEACTIVATE THE DEFENCES?!
I DON'T KNOW, BLASTER! I-I THOUGHT MY SYSTEM WAS FOOL-PROOF--BUT IT NO LONGER RESPONDS TO MY RADIO SIGNAL!
BAWOOM
BLAM
BOOM


OF COURSE NOT YOU! BUCKET-HEADED, BUFFOON--BECAUSE I HOLD THE SWITCH! HAHA!
ON
OFF
OH, NO-- WHAT HAVE I DONE? I LET THIS MANIAC IN HERE...
...AND I CAN'T EVEN STAND UP TO STOP HIM!
BUT AT LEAST I STILL HAVE AIR IN MY TIRES!
GOING SOMEWHERE, ROBOT? I SEE COURAGE ISN'T INCLUDED IN YOUR PROGRAMMING!
ZZZIP
NO MATTER! FINDING YOU WILL BE ALMOST AS EASY AS DESTROYING YOU!
OUTSIDE...
I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I WASN'T BUILT TO BE TARGET PRACTICE! I'M GONNA TAKE OUT THOSE GUNS!
BLASTER--
SKRAK
BLAM


PERCEPTOR, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? DID YOUR LOGIC CENTRE OVERHEAT OR SOMETHING?
JUST THE OPPOSITE! THE ARK IS OUR ONLY HOPE FOR EVER RETURNING HOME TO CYBERTRON! ANY ASSAULT ON OUR PART COULD SERIOUSLY DAMAGE IT!
WE CAN'T RISK THAT.
SO WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO-- LIE HERE UNTIL THOSE GUNS GRINDS US TO DUST?
UNLESS SOMEONE COME UP WITH A BETTER IDEA--YES.
MEANWHILE...
THIS GASOLINE TRAIL SHOULD LEAD ME TO HIM...
GETTING WEAK... I'M LEAKING TOO MUCH FUEL.
I CAN'T DRIVE ANY FURTHER.
THAT HUMAN WAS RIGHT. I SUPPOSE COURAGE WASN'T INCLUDED IN MY PROGRAMMING--WHY WOULD A DOCTOR NEED IT?
AND I'M NOT MUCH OF A DOCTOR EITHER. I'VE LOST MORE LIVES THAN I'VE SAVED!
I CAN'T EVEN SAVE MYSELF!
GUESS I'LL NEVER HAVE A CHANCE TO REPAIR EVERYONE HERE.
SORRY, PROWL.
PROWL
BUT AT LEAST YOU'RE STILL ALIVE.


AND... WHERE THERE'S LIFE, THERE'S HOPE.
AND DESPITE WHATEVER I'M NOT, I'M STILL A DOCTOR... AND I HAVE A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE MECHANIC CAN COVER THE DISTANCE I DROVE.
SOON...
SO, ROBOT, THIS WAS AS FAR AS YOU COULD DRIVE.
NOT FAR ENOUGH.
I CAN SEE HOW WEAK YOU ARE. ONLY BY PROPPING YOURSELF AGAINST THAT WALL ARE YOU ABLE TO EVEN STAND!
I, ON THE OTHER HAND...
...HAVE NEVER BEEN STRONGER!
IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR ONE WITH MY ENGINEERING BACK-GROUND TO DETERMINE THAT THIS DEVICE IS SOME SORT OF POWER BOOSTER. IT'S DESIGNED TO MOVE VERY HEAVY OBJECTS--LIKE THAT CONSOLE SWITCH...
...OR THIS HUNK OF MACHINERY--
--WHICH SHOULD BE MASSIVE ENOUGH TO UTTERLY CRUSH Y--
RRIPP
P-P-POLICE--?
REEEEEEEEEE


NO! NO!
THUNK
GET AWAY FROM ME!!
WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING, RATCHET?
HIS COURAGE PROGRAMMING APPARENTLY HAS A BUG IN IT, PROWL.
I'M SORRY... I CAN'T CHASE AFTER HIM... I'M STILL TOO WEAK.
YOU DID JUST FINE, PROWL. THANKS.
BUT HE'LL... GET AWAY.
FORGET ABOUT HIM. IT'S OUR FELLOW AUTOBOTS I'M CONCERNED ABOUT.
SOON, AFTER RATCHET HAS APPLIED STEEL-PATCH PLATES TO HIS LEGS, ALLOWING HIM TO WALK...
ON
CLIK
OFF
WHIRR
OHH...
UHH...


MOVE, JUAN, MOVE!
BOSS, WHAT HAPPENED?
IT... IT WAS ANOTHER POLICE TRAP!
HERE? BOSS, YOU CRAZY?
THEY WOULDN'T GO TO ALL THIS TROUBLE JUST TO CATCH A CAR THIEF!
VROOOM
DON'T CALL ME THIEF!
SOON...
NO SERIOUS DAMAGE, RATCHET. WE'LL HAVE EVERYONE ROLLING AGAIN IN A WEEK.
A WEEK? I WAS THE BEST TOOL-AND-DIE ROBOT ON CYBERTRON, FIRST AID. I'LL HAVE EVERYONE FULLY OPERATIVE IN TWO DAYS!
I'M GLAD YOU'RE IN MUCH BETTER SPIRITS THAN A FEW HOURS AGO, RATCHET.
HAVE YOU FINALLY PUT THE LOSS OF OPTIMUS PRIME BEHIND YOU?
NO, NOT YET. BUT I GUESS I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY TO THINK ABOUT THE DEAD...
... I'VE BEEN TOO CONCERNED WITH HELPING THE LIVING.